Continued from Seventh Page back from the South. Gilbert put the image carelessly away under his bed. We shall not undertake to say whether Our Lady of Wrath, accustomed to be propitiated, and offended by this shabby treatment, brought about the tragedy that presently befel in the Nova Scotia house. Neither

We must leave the reader to follow the story for himself from this point. He will be richly repaid. The interest grows as the tale proceeds. The parts that have their setting in England and in Florence are full of admirable color. One piece of booty that the thorough old captain brought back from his ventures was a young West Indian wife. She was procured queerly, it will be found in the story. She and her she got to England, and in her own case she attached an astonishing French prefix. She was French and something else. The granddaughter says to Lord Vernade, on

granddaughter Margaret figure in the English and Italian parts. She changed the family name from Bauer to Barr when page 370: "How would you feel if you had found out that your grandmother had been a West Indian slave girl, won at cards, and that her own servants supposed her to have poisoned her husband-that husband who had been something very like a pirate?" Margaret is a very interesting character, showing the power of heredity. But the whole story is interesting. We shall be sorry for the reader if he misses it.

Books of All Sorts.

The insufficiency of circumstantial evidence in oriminal cases, except where such evidence is conclusive, forms the theme of Mr. Richard Dallas's novel, "A Master Hand: The Story of a Crime" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). A young bachelor living in apartments in New York is found, one morning, dead on the divan in his sitting room, with a dagger sticking in his breast. The wrong man is arrested and tried and the real murderer is not indicated till the end. The tale is skilfully and unsensa-tionally told and will appeal to those who like detective stories.

In The Congressman's Wife" (The Smart Set Publishing Company), which Mr. John D. Barry describes as a story of American politics, he has taken as his theme the contrast between the standards a man may, or sometimes does, follow in public life or in business and those he maintains at home with his wife and children.

pleasant and scholarly little volume "Shakespeere's Garden" (J. B. Lippincett Company), by the Rev. J. Harvey Bloom. Several books have been written on the subject of Shakespearian flora, and the present volume is cast in the form of a calendar with, month by month, the trees, shrubs and flowers coming to perfection at that particular time duly treated. The second part of the volume is of more value as a work of reference. It contains an appendix in which every mention of plants and their direct products occurring in the plays and poems is arranged as it occurs, with, in some instances, parallel extracts from the Elizabethan herbalists, and illustrations from current folk lore and legends. There is an index.

The Macmillan Company publishes Mr. William Winter's translation and free adaptation of Paul Heyse's historical and romantic five act drama "Mary of Magdala." Though the original was in German prese, Mr. Winter has written his version in the poetic form, and in order to provide an acceptable acting play for the American and English stages he has made many radical changes. The coarse and carnal character of Flavius is here toned down and the exposition of the heroine's shame is made less ample and specific than in the original. New York has already passed a favorable opinion upon Mr. Winter's version as preinter by Mrs. Fiske, and in able to many readers.

In "The Edge of Things" (Fleming H. ing life in the California desert. Young Dilling Brown, fresh from college, sets out with Big Hank and Cross-eyed Kit and a Chinese cook to try his luck at sheep farming. There are numerous pictures of long haired men with shaggy breeches and sombreros, and there are Mexican bandits, and, of course, there is a girl.

"Modern Monologues" (The Dramatic Publishing Company) is a series of short character studies suitable for stage presentation. They are by Miss Marjorie Benton Cooke, who is said to have had success as an entertainer in Chicago. There are grace and humor in these trifles, and they should be effective if well delivered. under the right conditions.

An excellent English version of Maurice Maeterlinck's fine play, "Monna Vanna," by Mr. Alexis Irenee Du Pont Coleman, be published by the Harpers.

Mr. Stanley Weyman's Latest.

In "The Long Night" (McClure, Phillips & Co.) we have a good story by Mr. Stanley Weyman, which concerns itself with life in Geneva in 1602, when the Dukes of Savoy were plotting to retake the gallant little town. Young Claude Mercier arrives from France, and on the very evening of his coming he gets into trouble. A quiet, studious youth, he sits down with two sober Lyons merchants, a vintner and a professor, to a simple meal and a flagon of cool wine in the decent house of entertainment at the sign of the "Bible and Hand," but is interrupted by the sudden entrance of a stout, heavy man in stained green and tarnished lace, who swears that the company must drink a cup with him-or have their hides pricked. The fat man in green is Messer Grio, a typical ruffling, swaggering drinking blade of the bad old sort, and he is also a spy in the pay of Savoy. The student, though a quiet chap, is no coward, and he promptly flings the wine into the bully's face, then draws his blade and in a moment they are at it hammer and tongs.

"Out, Skinker!" cries the fat man when the landlord tries to interfere. "And you. say your prayers, puppy Before you are five minutes older I will spit you like a partridge, though I cross the frontier for it You have basted me with wine! I will baste you another fashion! On guard! * * * "

Having got out of this difficulty our student promptly gets into another in the next chapter, when he meets the fair mistress Anne Royaume and falls in love at sight. He goes to her mother's house, near the ramparts, to seek a lodging, and she, for reasons of her own, seeks to dissuade him from remaining. But Messer Cupid had done his work and the young man refused to be dissuaded. He said he had come to stay. "One moment," she said. "You are determined to-to do this? To

"Firmly," he answered, smiling. This was in the kitchen, and a big, black pot was on the fire, filled with boiling broth. She took an iron spoon and looked at him. "Stand where you are," she said, "and I will try you, if you are fit to come to us or no. Stand, do you hear-where you are, whatever happens! You understand?" He aid that he understood, and would stand there whatever happened. And he won-

going to do a thing outside the limits of his imagination. She dipped the from spoon in the pot and, extending her left arm, deliberately allowed some drops of the scalding liquor to fall on the bare flesh. spring out on the white skin, he caught the sharp indraw of her breath; but he did not move. Again she dipped the spoon looking at him with deffant eyes, and with the same deliberation she let the stuff fall on the living flesh. This time the perspiration sprang out on her brow, her face burned suddenly hot, her whole frame shrank

under the torture. "Don't," he cried hoarsely. "I will not bear it! Don't!" And he uttered a cry half articulate, like a beast's.

"Stand there!" she said. And he stood still while she dipped the spoon again, and, -though her arm shook now like an aspen and there were tears of pain in hereyeslet the dreadful stuff fall a third time. She was white when she turned to him.

If you do it again," he cried, furlously, "I will upset-the cursed pot." There is plenty of plotting and counterplotting and no lack of fighting in the tale,

and, of course, a strong love interest runs through it all. Mr. Weyman's art enables him to tell his story well without the stereotyped artifices of the average historical

Mere Twaddle. Two handsomely bound volumes, each in its own particular box of cardboard come to us from the Messrs. Putnam. These are entitled respectively "Little Jour neys to the Homes of English Authors" and "Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Musicians." They are written by Mr. Elbert Hubbard. They appear to consist of a series of chapters descriptive of places that Mr. Hubbard has never seen and persons of whom he has but the most super ficial knowledge. This is how he sets out on his journey to the home of Paganini: Months ago, after my lecture one night in Boston, I bethought me to call on my old friend, Bliss Carman. I expected to find him sleeping the sleep of the just, but the least interesting feature of it is its I was prepared to rout him out; for although my errand was from a fair, frail young thing, and trivial, yet I was bound to de liver the message—for that is what one should always do." Mr. Carman told him to go away, as he was busy, "and," says the imaginative traveller, "fully understanding the condition, for I am a poet myself, went away and left the author to his labors." In the account of a journey to the home of Mozart, we learn that on the But let the first veteran disprove it. "At train between Janesville, Wis., and Chicago, Mr. Hubbard went into the buffet car for a while. When he returned to his sleeping car, he found that the porter had chucked a pile of his manuscript out of the window in cleaning up. "I hope dem scribbled papers was no 'count, boss!" said the porter, and the imaginative traveller said they were of no value and gave him a quarter. Shrewd chap, that porter. We are inclined to think he must have tried to wade through some of that manuscript. We should think he might be a useful man as a publisher's reader.

Jane's Progress.

Theodore Stone, the lawyer, otherwis known as "Teddy," was the handsomes and most popular young man in Salsport. A worthy female mate for him was Jane Malley, the heroine of Dr. Charles Ross Jackson's story called "The Third Degree" (G. W. Dillingham Company). A placid, not to say drowsy, sort of place was Salsport, with dignified looking houses and wellkept lawns on the main street, and stores to which the customers came to talk as often as to purchase. The noonday sun was shining on the

engine house and the macadam floor of the square at the head of the street; everything was peaceful, and the engine house dog was asleep on his back with his stomach toward the bright blue sky, when young book form it will doubtless prove accept- Mr. Theodore Stone came along and filled a dipper from the faucet behind the engine house door. Then with a well directed Revell Company) we have a story of ranch- aim he launched the ice-cold contents of the dipper and hit the sleeping dog just an inch below the liver. The dog jumped into the air and turned two somersaults before he lit on land again, let out a wild, hilarious bark and started up Main street at a pace that broke the county record. Somebody yelled "Mad dog!" and the town turned out. Up over the hill and through the churchyard several score of brave Salsporters set after the dog with brooms, cudgels, whips and stones. One chap had his umbrella in one hand and the youngest baby in the other; while another was armed with a rusty pistol and his wife's bonnet. Meanwhile the dog was looking for a quiet spot, and luckily he struck Jane Malley's house. Jane was very poor, but she was 17, and her face and figure are described as of rapturous beauty. She had only one dress, but she had an honest heart, and, as the doctor puts it, "her gracious blue eyes and jet-black hair-rare combination, but not incongruous-more than balanced the want of clothes." The dog crawled under the cottage and Jane faced the crowd. Suddenly she perceived the man with the baby and the other with the pistol and the bonnet and began to smile. Then she acted and the dog was saved. Throwing her head back until her beautiful neck strained to support it she started a long peal of laughter, and suddenly bending forward pointed with her hands at the baby and the bonnet, and with her wonderful voice began to launch a few remarks in a vein fearless and aggressive."

We will not repeat all that she said to those valiant men of Salsport-but when she had finished the crowd melted away and sneaked home in dejection. That night Jane took the dog back to the engine house. There was an informal gathering inside, and Theodore Stone, otherwise known as "Teddy," was in the party. When she rapped on the engine house door he was the first to reach and open it. "There, beautiful, bareheaded, and with dress scarce to her ankles, stood Jane. In her left arm was the dog, her right hand was holding her dress up slightly at the side, exposing quite unconsciously a ravishing She returned the dog and was about to leave. "Late was the hour, and the girl alone, but Jane was too poor for any there to offer her escort-any but the best young man in the town. With a firm step and a smile that captivated

those who saw it, Ted stepped forward. "'I started this dog and you brought him back. Now, Miss Malley, let me take you home. A furious blush of embarrassment sur-

mounted her cheek-she, Jane Mailey, and he, Theodore Stone? But she demurred not. What lady

would? " 'Thank you, Mr. Stone,' she said. 'Let's go by way of the middle path over the hill." And so they went. And when he said good-by that night she courtesied and bowed, exposing a beautifully molded ankle in the light of the moon. She became a great singer and she was wrongfully accused of murder, but Quinton Oakes, a handsome and extremely able young city detective, successfully cleared her. do not think it fair to tell the reader whether she and "Teddy" eventually made a match

lived to be able to buy all the dresses she uld reasonably wish for.

Hallworth University, endowed and erected for the higher education of young men and women by a self-made American citizen," is the scene of the story told by Miss Anna McClure Sholl in "The Law of Life" (D. Appleton & Co.). The self-made citizen had endowed it generously and what the place lacked in pedigree it made up in fortune. The campus was large and the buildings thoroughly steam heated and lavishly provided with Assyrian remains and doubtful Botticellis. Then, too, the machine shops, the dairy and the agricultural buildings "bound its sons to the soil." As the first president was a man of vast and varied attainments, "he knew the necessity of a university made out of whole cloth, but he was determined that the cut of the cloth should be correct and liberal enough to fit all possible conditions. There had been a story told of an Oxford

man who once came over to occupy a chair at Hallworth. He paused on the edge of the campus, surveyed the buildings, and then took the next train back to New York and the next steamer to Europe. But the truth of the story is not vouched for, and it was told in a semi-jocular fashion by Dr. Penfold to Miss Barbara Dale when she arrived at Hallworth from New England. Barbara was a tall, slender girl with dark gray eyes and a firm, sweet mouth. She married Dr. Penfold, who was only 45, but whose gray hair and heavily lined brow gave him the appearance of 80. He was an innocent and absent minded mathematician, and the story was told of him that in his youth he had proposed to a girl and she had accepted him. Then he became absorbed in a mathmetical problem and forgot her, and when he came back to earth she had married some one else. As we have said, he married Barbara, and she, against her will, fell in love with the good looking and attractive young Richard Waring. It is with the ensuing complications that the story principally concerns itself. Not picture of the life of the co educational university professor from a woman's point of view. A publisher's advertisement assures us that no less than five veteran readers of manuscript to whom the story was submitted were moved to enthusiasm We have always had a vague idea that a veteran reader of publishers' manuscripts must from the very nature of his occupation be a person of moderated enthusiasms. last," says the venerable one, "we have an author who is not afraid to face a tragic problem of love and sex and who is able to treat it with dignity and full grasp of its depth and power." To veteran No. 2 "the reading of it was a constantly increasing delight." Hall to the veterans and more power to their enthusiasma!

It is a pleasure and a privilege to be able to agree with them-and we are not sure that in the face of such a unamimity of authority we would dare do otherwise.

A Pleasing Story of Castaways.

It is refreshing to come upon a story that is a story pure and simple with no attempt at being anything else. In reading The Wings of the Morning," by Louis Tracy (Edward J. Clode), we have failed to find any moral purpose that could be served, any higher object that could be attained, any instructive information that could be acquired. It is merely a love story with a lot of adventure to help it on and we have found it enjoyable throughout. We cannot say that we have found anything strikingly original in it. Though the hero's retort to the heroine, who suggests that he resembles Robinson Crusce and the Swiss Family Robinson, after they have been cast away on a desert island, is that she "fills a less familiar part in fiction" his reading is at fault, for Charles Reade in "Foul Play" and Mr. Mallock in "The New sell and who knows how many more have employed the same setting. The hunting for gold and the cryptogram and the fights with the savages are likewise by no means

The author none the less has the art of telling a story, his heroine is a very charming flesh and blood young person, his hero is strenuous, the incidents are satisfactorily exciting, the old, old story is told as it should be, and the reader will enjoy a delightful respite from thoughts of a too matter-offact every-day world.

unfamiliar

Helps to Dante.

A useful piece of work has been done by Mr. Charles Allen Dinsmore in putting together in "Aids to the Study of Dante" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) a number of essays and statements concerning Dante and his works from authoritative or respectable sources, arranged systematically for the use of students. He has used the best he could find in English and has made translations from the German and Italian to supplement these, filling in a few gaps with summaries of his own.

The quality of his work may be judged from the authors on whom he depends. Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, to whom the book is dedicated, is the chief English authority, and essays by Dean Church and Lowell are inserted. This shows the literary rather than strictly scientific character of the work. The extracts and the translations bring together a good deal of the Reformed Church of America. matter which the student would find it difficult to get at otherwise. The translations from original Italian sources are valuable. The book will be helpful to all students of Dante, and perhaps more to those who try to learn about him in transla tions than to those who can read the original.

Partly Japanese.

A pretty, simple love tale in a Japanese setting is told by Onoto Watanna in "The Heart of Hyacinth" (Harpers). There is hardly an incident, save the breaking of an engagement, perhaps, that has to do at all with Japanese life, but the scene is undoubtedly in Japan, and the faint violet designs that decorate every page are by a Japanese artist, Kiyokichi Sano. We observe that he does not admit responsibility for the colored illustrations.

The author disarms criticism at one by making her heroine a white child born and bred in Japan and her hero a Japanese half-breed. It becomes impossible under the circumstances to say whether their actions would accord with either Oriental or Western standards. There is a good deal of kissing, which we imagine is not a Japanese custom, though the admirers of Japanese drama as arranged in New York may find it hard to believe. The love story is well told none the less according to Western standards, and the sentiment is unexceptionable. The Western people introduced are rather needlessly coarse and their story rather vulgarly commonplace, but the heroine holds the stage, she is very attractive, and the reader will not heed the others.

The cover of the book is violet, so is the box in which it is enclosed. We don't object to violet in itself, but it does suggest bonbens and scented soap.

The imminent Robert Emmet celebra dered what she was going to do. She was of it-but at least we may say that she tion and the passage of the Irish Land bill

long catalogue of woes by the President of the Irish National Federation of America, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet. The timeliness is almost accidental, for Dr. Emmet began to prepare his book, "Ireland Under English Rule" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), five years ago. It is an eloquent and interesting presentation of the case in two well printed volumes, and its character is described frankly in the sub-title, "A Plea for the Plaintiff." The appendix contains some interesting papers, including the diary of Thomas Addis Emmet in 1803

and 1804. Desirable as it often is to have the whole of a book in a single volume, there are cases where the book is too large to be crammed into a small space. That is the fault with John Forster's three volume "Life of Charles Dickens," issued as the twentieth and last volume of "The Biographical Edition" of Dickens's works (Chapman & Hall; J. B. Lippincott Company). The type, though clear, is very small and the page not easy to read. It is a typographical feat that we regret, but all the same Forster's "Life" can now be had in one

One of the most famous of all autobiog raphies is made judiciously to introduce a new series, "The Temple Autobiographies," edited by William Macdonald and published by J. M. Dent & Co. (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It is the "Life of Benvenuto Cellini" in a new translation by Anne Macdonell, making two charming volumes that show in a new form the good taste of the publishers. Whatever a series afflicted publie may think of others, it always delights in the Dent sets and is glad to buy again its old favorites for the sake of their new dress. Cellini's life is a romance, as all who have read it know; the lively imagination shown in his art work was just as active in adorning fact. The new translation is competent and written in good English. There is an excellent bibliography, and the notes are helpful.

Two volumes have come to us of a new and exhaustive edition of "The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb," edited by E. V. Lucas (Methuen & Co., G. P. Putnam's Sons). It includes many pieces by Lamb that have never been published and other pieces that are now regarded as his work. Volume I. contains "Miscellaneous Prose," Volume V., printed out of the regular order, "Poems and Plays"; a quarter of each volume is given up to notes. Though the editor explains his system of arranging the pieces, it seems neither scientific nor convenient. We regret the mass of notes; it does seem incongruous to treat Charles Lamb as though he were a Greek or Latin classic in German hands. Mr. Lucas apologizes for not trying to hunt up all of Lamb's quotations and references; he would have shown discretion in omitting many of those he discovered. The volumes are handsomely printed and the edition well worth having for the author's text. It could be improved by cutting out three-quarters of the editor's labor. The notes are at the end, an inconvenient place for useful notes, but the arrangement is perhaps the best

in this case A tasteless and clumsy imitation of Byron comes to us from London. "Don Juan, 17th and 18th Cantos" (Arliss Andrews). No statement is made anywhere that the verses are by Byron, but we cannot imagine that the idea of the publication would have arisen had it not been for Mr. Ernest Coleridge's discovery of a short fragment of an additional canto of Don Juan printed in the Murray edition of Byron's poems. This is an impudent libel on the poet which can deceive nobody.

Mr. George R. Sims is far better known as a journalist and the inventor of a hair tonic than as a poet, though he has written a great deal of verse in his day. One poem of his attained notoriety some years ago through the recitations of a young woman of society, who subsequently went upon the tage. His verses are collected in a little volume in limp covers, with sombre edged pages, under the title "The Dagonet and Other Poems" (George Routledge & Sons; E. P. Dutton & Co.). This contains "The Dagonet Ballads," "The Ballads of Baby-

lon" and "The Lifeboat and Other Poems." From the Library of Congress we receive two bibliographical publications of value, but of different qualities. (Government Publishing Office, Washington.) One is "A List of Lincolniana in the Library of Congress," by George Thomas Ritchie, a simple catalogue of books and articles of 75 pages, which seems surprisingly short. The other is "A Calendar of the John Paul Jones Manuscripts," by Charles Henry Lincoln, Ph. D., a calendar after the model of the European Government publications, with a description and often a summary of the contents of each paper. The manuscripts are part of the Peter Force collection presented to the nation

The fourth edition of "A Manual of the Reformed Church of America, 1628-1902," by the Rev. Edward Tanjore Corwin, D. D., makes a portly volume of 1,100 pages, a marked contrast to the modest manual published sixty-four years ago It contains an elaborate history of the Church, short biographies of all its ministers, past and present, and accounts of the various churches, with other information. It is issued by the Board of Publication of

Books Received.

"Good-by, Proud World." Ellen Olney Kirk. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"The Development of the Drama." Brande
Matthews, Litt. D. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) "Cruising Among the Caribbees." Charles Augustus Stoddard. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
"A Book of Golf." J. Braid, J. A. T. Bramston, H. G. Hutchinson. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)
"The Fairles' Circus." Neville Cain. (R. H. "Hadley Ballads." Julia Taft Bayne, (The Open Court Publishing Company.)
"Esther Burr's Journal." Third edition. Jeremiah Eames Rankin. (Woodward & Lothrop

Washington.) Mills of Man." Philip Poyne. (Rand, McNaily & Co.)

"Hagar. A Dramatic Poem." Rollin J. Wells.
(Broadway Publishing Company.)

"Biblical Criticism." John A. W. Haas, D. D.
(General Council Lutheran Publication House.) McNally & Co.) "Letters from a Chinese Official." (McClure Phillips & Co.) "The Pun Book." (T. J. Carey & Co., New York.)

"Encyclopedia of Household Economy." lolt. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) "Following the Frontier." McClure, Phillips & Co.) "General Zoology." Charles Wright Dodge. (American Book Company.)
"Stories of Great Artists." Olive Browne Horne and Kathrine Lois Scobey. (American Book Com-

"Primary Arithmetic." William J. Milne, Ph. D. LL. D. (American Book Company.)
"Le Petit Robinson de Paris." Eugenie Foa, edited by Louise De Bonneville. (American Book Company.) "The Congressman's Wife." John D. Barry.

The Smart Set Publishing Co.) "Humbugs and Canterbury Folks." Mrs. T. (J. D. Hall & Co., Providence.) "The Land of Heather." Clifton Johnson. (Macmillans.) Florestane the Troubadour." Julia de Wolf

Addison. (Dana, Estes & Co.)
"Sally, Mrs. Tubbs." Margaret Sidney. (Lothrop Publishing Company.)
"Gorgo, A Romance of Old Athens." Charles
Kelsey Gaines, Ph.D. (Lothrop Publishing Company.)
"His Little World." Samuel Merwin. (A. &.

PUBLICATIONS PUBLICATIONS. A NEW SPRIGHTLY ROMANCE

THE FORTUNES OF FIFI

> MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL **AUTHOR OF**

The Sprightly Romance of Marsac, Francezka, etc.

Fifi is well worth knowing .- New York An amusing tale, gay and light-hearted; certainly a tale that would make a charming

play .- Chicago Record-Herald. Fifi is willful, flirtatious, innocent and good of heart. The fun is brisk and delightful.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Through all the pages Fifi romps as merrily and light-heartedly as a child, she is always pertly and dashingly winsome, and we are much relieved when she gets what her honest little heart desires, and does so by virtue of her unfailing goodness and cleverness.—Philadelphia Record.

With illustrations in color by T. de Thulstrup.
Ornamental cloth, 12mo, \$1.50. THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY.

The Merivale Banks

to need any By Mary J. Holmes comments upon successful writer,

and her last book is always seized with avidity by lovers of fiction who desire a good story. THE MERIVALE BANKS is one of her best books. It is full of humor and pathos and of absorbing interest.

Over Four Million Copies of Her Novels Have Been Sold. 12mo. Cloth bound. \$1.00.

RIVERFALL

A STORY that By Linn B. Porter

of a long strike chusetts mill town; with a fascinating love tale interwoven. Handsomely printed. Splendidly illustrated.

Nearly Two Million Copies of this Author's Books Have Been Sold. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.50.

G. W. DILLINGHAM CO., Publishers, NEW YORK.

Mrs. Poultney Bigelow's NEW BOOK

COURSE MIDDLE THE

A Powerful Story of Society, Cleverly Told

"This novel is recommended as one of those novels which are worth reading for entertainment and repay reading for their moral. It is sweet, pathetic and natural; also, it is well toid—the characters live, their feelings palpitate."—Brooklyn Eagle. "By this story Mrs. Bigelow at once attains a very high place as a writer."—Boston Clab. Globe. "A well-written novel; the dialogue is good and well worked out."-N. Y. Evening Sun. "A really admirable story of modern life, worthy, indeed, of unusual praise."-Phil-

"A really addinated and delphia Record."

delphia Record.
"Better than the average novel."—Chicago Tribuns.
"The author's deverness is undeniable. The story is interesting and entertaining from start to finish."—Baltimore Sun.
"It is a problem with many issues, worked out satisfactorily."—Louisville Courier—"It is a problem with many issues.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. B. CURRIER, \$1.50

THE SMART SET PUBLISHING CO., 452 Fifth Ave., New York,

Bernard W. Henderson, M. A. (Methuen & Co., "Jugment." Alice Brown. (Harpers.)
"A Candle of Understanding." Elizabeth Bis-"Letters Home." William Dean Howells. (Har-As to Popularity—see if you can find a copy of this book on their shelves.

"The Stories of Peter and Ellen." Gertrude smith. (Harpers.)

Smith. (Harpers.)

"Engineering Preliminaries for an Interurban Electric Raliway." Ernest Gouzenbach. (McGraw Publishing Company, New York.)

"To California and Back." C. A. Higgins and Charles Keeler. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Principles of American Forestry." Samuel B. Green. (John Wiley & Sons.)

"How to Study Shakespeare. Third Series." William H. Fleming. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"The Responsibilities of the Novelist." Frank "The Responsibilities of the Novellst." Frank Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) "Jewel: A Chapter in Her Life." Clara Louise Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"The Clerk of the Woods." Bradford Torrey, (Houghton, Midlin & Co.) "Essays on Great Writers." Henry Dwigh sedgwick, Jr. (Houghton, Millin & Co.) "My Own Story." John Townsend Trowbridge, (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

POST OFFICE BURGLARS AT WORK Unsuccessful Attack on the Depew Office -The Office at Elma Cleaned Out.

BUFFALO, Sept. 18.—The timely arrival of a night watchman prevented the theft of \$1,800 in cash from the Depew post office last night. Two burglars had succeeded in drilling holes in the safe door and were about to insert giant powder when they were discovered by the watchman and made their escape through the rear door. They had a stolen rig in waiting and drove in the direction of Elma Early this morning the post office at Elma

was entered by burglars, who cleared the place of all stamps and cash and also some of the goods in the store in which the pest office is located. It is believed office is located. It is believed that the burglars were those who made the attempt

Lucy Miskiel a Bigamist.

Lucy Miskiel, who ran a boarding house for fake crippled beggars, at 604 Adams street, Hoboken, was convicted of bigamy yesterday in the Court of Special Sessions, Jersey City. She married John Mascur-lina in Austria in 1886 and Giovanni Marku-Barnes & Co.)

The Life and Principate of the Emperor Nero. | She thought her first husband was dead.

The Booklovers Library Now Has 850 COPIES BUBBLES WE BUY

JUMPED FROM EXPRESS TRAIN

But Lerene Wasn't Hurt Much-Didn't Want to Go to Jersey City. Passaic, Sept. 18.-Barto Lereno, an

Italian boy living at 738 Main avenue, jumped from an express train going through this city at the rate of forty miles an hour last night and escaped with a scale wound. The express stopped here off a passenger from the West. was at the station, and thinking that the train was a local which stops at Pros-pect street, near his home, he jumped When the train sped past his station

Lereno thought surely it would stop at Passaic Bridge, but in this he was mis-taken. The train was late and between the stations the engineer put on full steam. When the young man saw that the train was not going to make the stop he decided that in order to avoid being carried through to Jersey City he must jump. When the train struck the drawbridge over the Passaic River the young man made a dive for the station platform. He struck the platorm and dashed up against an iron railing When the station hands reached his side Lereno was unconscious. His only wound, however, was a small one on his head. After the wound had been dressed at the

YOUNG GIRL CRIED TO MARRY Only Fifteen, So Mayor Fagan Refused to Tie the knot.

Carmelia Patrie, a pretty fifteen-yearold Italian girl, who lives at 263 Railroad avenue, Jersey City, and John Jardiello. 27 years old, of 365 Railroad avenue, told Mayor Fagan's clerk at the City Hall in that city yesterday that they wished to get married. The Mayor refused to preform the cere-

mony, because Miss Patrie was under the legal age and didn't have her parents' consent. The girl burst into tears and left the office with her sweetheart's comforting arm around her waist.

"Strip and dig a hole and crawl into it!"

That's the advice a Jersey physician gives to patients who go to his sanitarium.

Radical? Maybe, but he calls it getting back to nature. Now

THE **SUNDAY** SUN

has another way of getting back to nature. It is human nature that THE SUNDAY SUN deals in. Is there an amusing, a helpful, a heart-warming bit of life in the world that can be made into print for THE SUNDAY SUN'S readers? THE SUNDAY SUN is supplied with it at once. For instance the "backto-nature cure." Then there are other bits in the collection to be offered on September 20. Just look at the titles:

Stories of Lovable Fred Gibbs.

Gifts the President Didn't Refuse.

The Three Swindlers Who Reformed a Town.

The Hunt for a

Crime in the Coal Regions.

Comical Turkish Sailors.

Vast Unexplored Tracts of South America.

The Real Disguises of Richard Croker.

You know what THE SUN'S way of doing things is. Next SUN-DAY'S SUN is done in the good old SUNDAY SUN way. It's the best lot of miscellaneous reading published since last SUNDAY'S SUN was printed. It is better, it is more worth while, than any other literature, no matter what its form, that will appear Sunday after next.

Are You a Woman?

If so, there are lots of messages in THE SUN-DAY SUN for you. The St. Cecilia neck is now to be acquired. If you want a St. Cecilia neck THE SUNDAY SUN tells how to get it. Man cannot add to his stature by taking thought, but woman may add to hers by taking THE SUNDAY

Lots of suggestions for dressing the kids.

THE **SUNDAY** SUN.